

first time for everything by 221BFakerStreet

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aftermath of Violence, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Gay, Gen, Getting Together, Hurt/Comfort, Implied Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Kinda, M/M, Pre-Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Pre-Relationship, but also definitely

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Neil Hargrove (mentioned), Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

The first time Steve has to patch up Billy, it's all he can do not to drive over to his house with his bat and practice fighting demodogs with Neil as the dummy. Instead, he sits quietly at his own kitchen table, wincing along with Billy as he methodically tends to each wound.

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"I could do this myself, ya know," Billy says, but he doesn't make a move to try.

"I know," Steve replies, smoothing a bandaid over a cut on Billy's cheek (he knows Billy will just rip it off the second he steps outside, but he does it regardless).

Steve's hand is trembling, and he thinks- hopes, really- that maybe Billy has missed it. And then Billy's hands wrap themselves around his, and he is still.

The first time Billy patches Steve up, it's been about 24 hours since either of them have slept. He washes the strange black blood from Steve's skin so carefully, opens the now familiar first aid kit, and tries to make dumb jokes to fill up the silence. To get that look out of Steve's eyes, like he's glaring at something nobody else can see.

He tries not to think about the bat with the nails in it, and how it had made a wet, squelching THUNK each time it hit home. Tries not to think about his own rage, his blood boiling in his veins as he picked up the first thing close at hand- a tire iron- and set upon the creature that had leapt at Steve's back from the darkness. About how much he liked it.

It doesn't take Steve long to come around, with Billy's weird stream of consciousness babble directed right at him. Billy is almost surprised when Steve leans forward, one hand clutching at the back of Billy's neck to bring him in too. Their foreheads touch, like a familiar greeting, like a kiss. Steve's eyes are closed, and soon Billy closes his eyes, too, until all that's left is the air between them, soft and warm and safe.